

Songs  
of  
"The Mormon Way"



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ELATON S. RICE



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of  
"The Mormon Way"



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CLATON S. RICE

## DEDICATION

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To my mother, whose shining eyes and musical voice first wakened in her children an appreciation of beauty and rhythm, this little volume is dedicated.





## FOREWORD

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The old Mormon trail, starting at Florence, Nebraska, passed through a beautiful wooded ravine north of Bellevue. The romance of that great trek west in '47 gripped my imagination in college days, and more than once I journeyed alone up "Mormon Hollow," dreaming, trying to understand, and at times almost feeling that I could hear the squeak of the rough covered wagons and the crack of the ox whips as the Saints journeyed westward sixty years before.

Later, it was my privilege to live in "Zion," at a time when many of the old pioneers were still vigorous, and in a section where the old Mormonism was still alive. Today it is being transformed under the combined assaults of business and political expediency, liberal education, and increasing contacts with Gentile churches and individuals.

Much that is picturesque is disappearing. A great deal that is horrible is gone. I have endeavored to catch the spirit back of all that I found in the pioneers as I knew them—their hopes, their prejudices, their superstitions, and their undying loyalties. I trust that I have succeeded in part, at least. I hope that I have, for by the time the Mormon church celebrates another Centennial, there will be little left, I believe, to distinguish it from other groups calling themselves Christian, save perhaps an early history which they will view with various emotions.

The Mormon, the Gentile, and the great arid West of both yesterday and today thrill one as he hurls his life into the struggle to conquer the Desert and to plant ideals there.

—CLATON S. RICE.

## ERRATA

- Page 10—Line 26.....At last instead of at least  
Page 16—Line 24..Existence instead of existance  
Page 18—Line 11.....Comma instead of period  
Page 19—Line 24.....Comma instead of period  
Page 20—Last line.....Ways instead of days  
Page 21—Line 16.....Jest instead of Jes  
Page 23—Line 11.....Bluidy instead of bluid  
Page 24—Last line..He always sees **them** through  
Page 29—Line 31.....Comma instead of period  
Page 32—Line 23.....Possesses instead of possess  
Page 39— .....Omit last period  
Page 50—Line 24.....Shall take hold of one man  
Page 54—Line 18.....Your instead of you're



## SARAH'S STORY

I'm an old woman now.  
You think, I feel sure,  
To hope, to endure  
Through a long life brings peace.

Peace. How I long for peace!  
How I hate the doubt  
Which puts peace to rout!  
Doubt! Doubt has blighted all.

To know a thing is true  
And to stake one's all  
On it, should it fall  
Or seem to fall, brings Hell.

That's where I live, my friend,  
Hell—in darkest Hell!  
Doubts, fears—let me tell  
Why I am hopeless—lost!

How we rejoiced that happy day  
When we heard of Christ's gospel restored  
Again to earth. We were baptized,  
And we sang while God's Spirit was poured

Upon us all. Our hopes ran high,  
As we listened to elders who told  
Of Zion, in the far, far West,  
In the mountains so stalwart and old.

My father said, his voice trembling,  
"We are ready to leave England now!  
We'll be gathered among the first,  
For we've all put our hands to the plough."

And we were glad, mother and I,  
For we'd studied the Book through and through  
Till we were sure of this one thing  
What the elders had told us was true.

Yes it was true: tribulation  
Must be coming to curse the whole earth.  
"Flee now unto the mountain tops."  
Was God's message to all Saints of worth.

Our friends tried hard to dissuade us,  
But we laughed at their doubts and fears.  
Nothing on earth could turn us back,  
Not even their prayers and tears.

We wept for them, we pled with them,  
But they all proved hard-hearted and blind;  
Then father sold our home to one,  
And we left sinful England behind.

---

"Tribulation, tribulation,  
In the latter days,  
To each nation, to each nation,  
Wondrous are his ways;  
If he save you, if he save you,  
Give to God the praise!  
Saints your voices, Saints your voices,  
Loud to heaven raise."

---

Muddy and full of slime  
The old Missouri seemed.  
Troubled and full of care,  
I walked as one who dreamed  
Along the bank.

Father was sick and worn,  
Zion was far away;  
Summer was nearly past;  
We were to start next day!  
My spirits sank.

I thought of the long road,  
And of our feeble band,  
Of handcarts to be pushed,  
Through the deep mud and sand!  
Dread fear grew rank.

Not for myself I feared;  
I was still young and strong.  
But father—ageing fast—  
For him the way was long!  
My mind seemed blank.

---

“Tribulation, tribulation,  
In the latter days,  
To each nation, to each nation,  
Wondrous are his ways.”

---

Oh, who can forget  
That first day's journey  
From Florence up over the hills?  
How our muscles ached,  
As we hurried on!  
The season was late, and haste kills.

But who cares to forget  
That good first night's camp,  
When we gathered 'round the big fire?  
We sang “Marching on  
To our dear Zion.”  
It seemed that we never should tire.

Found hope mounted high  
And fears we forgot.  
We thought of the blessings in store  
For each faithful Saint  
When Zion was reached:  
Bliss waited us there evermore.

Long days full of toil,  
Long miles to be walked,  
We knew lay between us and bliss;  
“But ah—God is strong  
He loves his own Saints!”  
Father smiled and gave me a kiss.

"Tribulation, tribulation,  
In the latter days,  
To each nation, to each nation,  
Wondrous are his ways."

---

The wind blew chill and all forlorn  
We sought the fire. Our clothes were torn.  
Behind us lay the shallow Platte.  
Ice floated down. From where we sat  
Beside the fire we saw the trail  
Which we had crossed. Father was pale  
And cold and faint. Midstream he fell.  
Now he led us in "All is well."

That night a gale swept 'cross the plain.  
We shivered in the icy rain.  
That night dear father passed away.  
"Saints, all is well," I heard him say.  
I tried to think that all was well.  
But ah, my friend, I can not tell  
You half the bitter thoughts which came  
Into my heart. Was I to blame?

They laid him by. We hurried on.  
Day after day, our strength 'most gone,  
We pushed our carts through slush and snow.  
One morn revealed a stark dead row  
Of Saints whose strength that night had failed.  
At least the strongest hearts there quailed!  
Snowed in we were and all was lost!  
A week we starved and battled frost!

---

"If he save you,  
If he save you  
Give to God the praise."

---

The sun shone in splendor that morn;  
The wind had lost its sting.  
But doubt, in my heart, newly born  
Grew large, a monstrous thing!

"Mother," I cried, "our friends were right,  
God does not know nor care!  
We were deceived. If not, he might  
At least answer our prayer."

Ah! Then as if to give the lie  
To my consuming doubt,  
Dear mother gave a joyful cry!  
'Twas answered by a shout!

There plunging through the drifts of snow  
We saw strong men and teams  
From Zion, hurrying to us!  
My friend, today it seems

That God did answer our weak cry!  
We fell upon our knees,  
And cried in gratitude to him  
"Thank God! He knows! He sees!"

---

"Saints your voices,  
Saints your voices,  
Loud to heaven raise."

---

Yes, we were saved!  
We ate that day,  
As only those who starve can eat.  
Oh, we were saved!  
We slept that night  
Close to a fire which gave us heat.  
Joy! we were saved!  
We prayed to him  
As only those who trust can pray.  
Friends! We were saved!  
We traveled on  
Rejoicing, glad, day after day.

Saints, we were saved!  
For soon, we all  
Enraptured, from the mountain top,  
Beheld Zion—  
So near, so fair—  
Her lake, one glist'ning pearly drop!

"Oh Zion fair  
Abode of Saints,"  
We cried, "Rejoice at his great love.  
For lo! Our God  
Hath placed thee here.  
Transplanted from his courts above."

---

"Tribulation, tribulation,  
In the latter days,  
To each nation, to each nation,  
Wondrous are his ways."

---

We had been married three whole years.  
Many hardships had been our lot.  
But through them all I was happy.  
With John at home I soon forgot  
The days we had been without bread.  
It was enough for me to know  
That John loved me, and that mother  
Was happy, too, and knew no woe.

John was a builder for the Lord.  
No one was more faithful than he.  
He looked ahead, and so did I,  
To that glad day when we should see  
God's prophet thund'ring out his law  
From the pulpit where John had worked.  
What greater honor could be his?  
John labored on and never shirked.

I did not question Brigham's word.  
God's own prophet could do no wrong!  
I knew that all Saints were not true,  
And so, when Brigham's word seemed strong,  
As when he cursed all apostates,  
And threatened to unsheath the knife,  
I said: "God's spirit rules him now;  
It is his right to take a life!"



And even when I found that he  
Had more wives than man's laws allowed,  
I honored him, as one who was  
God's servant, true, steadfast, and proud!  
Did not God love old Abraham,  
And did he not love Jacob too?  
Brigham was like these Saints of old.  
They had more wives than one, I knew.

---

"Tribulation, tribulation,  
In the latter days,  
To each nation, to each nation,  
Wondrous are his ways."

---

How my heart ached!  
How my head throbbed!  
Betrayed I was!  
Betrayed and robbed!

From the pulpit,  
My John had made,  
The prophet spake.  
I was betrayed!

"God's own commands,  
The prophet cried  
"Must be obeyed  
And not denied."

"Now to attain  
Celestial bliss  
Our God requires  
Of Saints, just this:"

"Each true husband  
To live God's life,  
Must take at least  
Another wife."

He urged each wife  
To be content  
With the command  
And all it meant.

That night my John  
Grew haggard, old.  
'Twas hard to do,  
As he was told.

All night I wept  
And could not sleep.  
But still, God's law  
Was ours to keep!

It must be right!  
To doubt was wrong!  
"Oh God," we cried,  
"How long, how long."

---

"Tribulation, tribulation,  
In the latter days,  
To each nation, to each nation,  
Wondrous are his ways."

---

Great tribulation was not all reserved  
For the outside world. Perhaps I deserved  
The sorrow which came. I'm sure I don't know.  
But I do know this: I drank deep of woe.

From the very first I hated her face!  
From the very first I asked for God's grace;  
But when I saw her smile and take his arm  
I cursed her aloud! John turned in alarm!

It may be man's love can be divided  
Between two women; but how misguided  
A man is to think a wife is content  
With part of his love. No! God never meant

Two women to cling to the same husband!  
I loved John to well. What true wife can stand  
To give her whole self and then in return  
To receive just part—and then to yearn—yearn?

I had given John the bloom of my life.  
What right had that girl to become his wife,  
And to supplant me? One dark night I fled  
From home with mother. I left them in bed.

---

"Tribulation, tribulation.  
In the latter days,  
To each nation, to each nation,  
Wondrous are his ways."

---

Have you ever struggled on,  
In a freezing Northern gale,  
Never realizing how near Death you roam,  
Strengthened always by the thought  
Of the good fire waiting you,  
Every moment thinking of the warmth at home?

Till at last you reached the house.  
Eagerly you sought the blaze!  
How it stung and wracked your frosted limbs  
with pain!  
Sorrowf'ly you turned away,  
Back into the bitter cold,  
For the love of warmth in you the frost  
had slain!

I went through this all, my friend,  
In the days which followed fast.  
Long I battled with black Doubt which  
chilled my soul!  
But through all I kept some faith,  
Strengthened by the memory,  
Of the plains where God had sped us to our goal.

There in our deepest distress  
He had heard our feeble cry.  
And if ever I should need his mighty pow'r,  
He would prove his love for me  
Just by answering my prayer;  
So I reasoned with myself hour after hour.

That time came for me, my friend.  
Mother lay sick unto death,  
And they told me that my John was dying too—  
Grieving over my absence,  
Calling for me in his pain.  
In that hour there was just one thing I could do.

Silently I left the room.  
Falling down upon my knees,  
How I tried to pray as in the days of old!  
Ah! my friend, I could not pray!  
Too long numbed by freezing blasts,  
My chilled soul now loathed the flame and sought  
the cold.

That hour I knew I was lost!  
That hour I know Faith was dead!  
That hour John and mother dear both  
passed away!  
That hour in my bitter grief,  
I made one mighty resolve:  
"I will never let Faith grow for Doubt to slay."

---

"If he save you, if he save you,  
Give God the praise."

---

My life since then?  
A mere existance it has been.  
I've just looked on.  
At least you would not call that sin.

I've just looked on.  
I've wondered how I was so blind  
As to believe.  
I've tried to be helpful and kind.

I've seen hundreds  
Of faithful wives with broken hearts.  
Polygamy!  
I've seen it kill like poisoned darts.

I've seen the church  
Repudiate her solemn word  
To the nation.  
'Twas by God's command, I've heard.

I've seen prophets  
Grow rich, and opulent and bold,  
While their people—  
My people too—grew faithless, cold.

I've seen the love  
Of God descend to love of wealth;  
Impurity  
Creep into the whole church by stealth.

And unbelief,  
I've seen it hidden by the show—  
Faintly hidden—  
By these false words, "I know, I know."

All honey combed  
With doubt, impurity, and sham,  
I see the church  
Which once I loved, ready to damn

The honest man  
Who dares protest against her sin!  
Her god's too much  
The gods of passion, gold and tin.

And yet I hope—  
I have great confidence—that time  
Will cure these ills,  
Light must at least reveal the slime,

And my people,  
Great hearted as some are and true,  
Will crawl forth from  
The pit, and seek the truth anew.

And seek the truth!  
Ah, what is truth, my friend?  
Except to work  
And love until the end.

"If he save you  
If he save you  
Give to Him the praise."

---

Today, heartsick and faint  
When life seemed worse than naught,  
I strayed into the place,  
Where my dear husband wrought.  
I closed my eyes again,  
And listened to the songs  
Of hope and trust and faith,  
And I forgot my wrongs.  
As our McClellan played.

The heavens opened wide,  
As I sat there amazed!  
I know I felt like those  
Who on the mountain gazed  
At Christ ascending high.  
I whispered "All is well."  
No words of mine can tell  
How I longed then for faith!

Yet after all I know  
'Twas weakness to feel so.  
Can music right our wrongs?  
I sometimes think such songs  
Are made for us who doubt,  
To blind, to make us feel  
That wrongs are right. Such songs  
Pierce deeper far than steel!  
Yet, music rights no wrongs!

A slave, bound hand and foot,  
Listening to the sound  
Of ravishing music,  
Forgets that he is bound!  
A serf in bondage hard,  
Can dance away his care,  
Can sing until he feels,  
That God has heard his pray'r—  
But lo, he's still a serf!



Oh, music rights no wrongs!  
Sweet music only lulls  
The stabbing pains of doubt.  
It can not heal! It dulls  
The sense of right and wrong!  
It makes us sleep when all  
About are those who weep—  
Dear tortured souls who call  
For help—while we sleep on.

---

“Saints your voices,  
Saints your voices,  
Loud to heaven raise.”

---

I'll not live much longer, my friend.  
Some time, 'ere long, my day will end.  
And then, what comes? What then? What then?  
I hardly hope to live again.

But if perchance, there is a place  
Where I shall meet God face to face—  
I shall be happy to met him!  
I shall be ready to meet him!

John will be there, and father dear,  
And mother too, but oh I fear  
That if I see the laughing face  
Of one woman, not all God's grace.

Can make me smile and clasp her hand!  
But surely God will understand  
How she and Brigham spoiled my life.  
Still, there I think I'll be John's wife!

But after all I have no hope.  
I thought I knew, but Doubt's harsh rope  
Has tightened round my neck, and I  
Alone must face the drop, and die!

"Tribulation, tribulation,  
In the latter days,  
To each nation, to each nation,  
Wondrous are his ways!  
"If he save you, if he save you,  
Give to God the praise!  
Saints your voices, Saints your voices,  
Loud to heaven raise."

---

## HIT USED TO BE

Forced to face privations and physical hardships, the pioneer Mormons had good reason to desire strong bodies and to glory in them when they possessed them. But old age brought its infirmities for them as for us. This decrepit fellow was more than eighty years old. He would sit by the fireplace, puff at his strong black pipe, dream over the old days, grow enthusiastic in describing some adventure, leap to his feet in his enthusiasm and then drop back exhausted.

Hit used to be  
That the 'ardest worrk was play for me.  
Hi could swing ma hax the 'ole day long,  
For Hi was strongest uv the strong!  
Ah! Hi was mon in ma hearly days,  
A strappin' gude mon in hall ma ways.

Hit used to be  
That hit never was too ot for me.  
Hi'd worrk all day in the boilin' sun,  
An' the worse Hi sweat the more Hi done!  
Ah! Hi was a mon in ma hearly days,  
A strappin' gude mon in hall ma days!

Hit used to be  
That the strongest drink was food for me.  
Hi could drink two quarts an' then drink more,  
An' Hi never yet lay on the floor!  
Ah! Hi was a mon in ma hearly days,  
A strappin' gude mon in hall ma ways!

But now you see  
Wat a tremblin' wreck is left uv me.  
Ma' flesh is shrunk an' I'm weak an' thin.  
Hi can't drink rye an' Hi can't stand gin,  
An' Hi can't walk far for Hi've 'ad a stroke  
Hi can't stand heat 'an it's 'ard to smoke

Hit used to be—  
But hit's jest a ghost wat's left uv me.  
Jest a tremblin' ghost wat wants the shade.  
Jes a tremblin' ghost wat's now afraid  
As 'e sits and thinks, and thinks and waits,  
For Death to show wat's be'ind the gates.

Hit used to be—  
But God! What a wreck is left uv me!

---

### Q. E. D.

(An old polygamist's argument for the legitimacy of his children by polygamous wives.)

If I planted potatoes in Summit,  
And some in Cedar too,  
If I planted the same seed in Buckhorn,  
And all I planted grew,  
When I gathered potatoes from each field  
Now tell me, Gentile thing,  
Would you dare call two fields of them bastards,  
And one, legal offspring?

---

## TIPPIN' HATS

A few of the old timers still follow the practice of tipping hats only to Priests after the Order of Melchizedek.

You Gentiles has a funny way  
Of tippin' hats to wimmin,  
But what's the use uv doin' that?  
Why they is jest the skimmin!

We tips our hats to fellow priests  
What will be God's in heaven.  
You tips your hats to them who is  
Jest flour without the leaven.

They aint worthy of tippin' hats.  
They're jest made for child bearin'!  
But priests and kings an' God's we'll be  
What they'll be we aint carin'.

---

## A TESTIMONY

One similar to this was given at a Utah Conference.

Down in the South Sea,  
Three men up a tree,  
In fear prayed to God to save;  
A wild hurricane,  
And torrents of rain,  
Threatened a huge tidal wave.

At last the wave came,  
Struck each man the same,  
While each one held tight and prayed;  
When the wave had passed,  
One man still clung fast,  
One man out of three had stayed.

Brethren is was me,  
Who clung to that tree,  
While two ministers were drowned.  
God cares for his own,  
Cares for them alone,  
Keeps his elders safe and sound.

---

## NO I 'AVEN'T ONCE BEEN SORRY

No, I 'avent once been sorry  
That I came to Zion yet!  
For back there in cold hold Hengland  
It was bluid 'ard to get:

A bit uv somethink to eat,  
An' a bit uv somethink to drink,  
An' a bit or two to spend halong the way;  
A bit uv somethink to smoke,  
An' a bit uv somethink to wear,  
An' a bit saved up against the rainy day.

'Ere in Zion we've 'ad 'ardships,  
An' I've 'ad to bend my back,  
But with hall hour disappointments,  
We 'ave never 'ad no lack,

Uv a bit uv somethink to eat,  
An' a bit of somethink to drink,  
An' a bit or two to spend halong the way;  
A bit of somethink to smoke,  
An' a bit uv somethink to wear,  
An' a bit saved up against the rainy day.

---

## A TESTIMONY

Given upon return from a Mission to England.  
Every good Saint is supposed to "Fulfill an honorable mission" at his own expense some time during his life.

In London I was standin',  
The mob was surgin' 'round;  
The brick and stone was flyin'  
And I had many 'a wound.

I, all the while, was prayin',  
A knowin' God would come,  
To save this Mormon elder,  
And strike the Gentiles dumb.

An' lo—while I stood waitin',  
There come a blindin' light!  
It flashed its rays about me.  
And filled the mob with fright!

An' while they stood a starin'  
Afraid to breathe or wink,  
An angel led me from them,  
Quicker than you can think.

My testimony, brethren  
It this: the Gospel's true!  
Our God cares for his elders;  
He always sees through.

---



## BRIGHAM SAID THAT THEY WAS MARTYRS

The casualties crossing the plains from Council Bluffs to Salt Lake City, especially in one ill-fated Mormon company which carried its goods in hand carts, and which was caught by heavy snows before reaching Zion, were heavy. One sympathizes with this little English woman who not only endured the loss of her parents, but who, through life, faced a serious theological problem which often strained her faith to the breaking point.

Brigham said that they was martyrs,  
My father and my mother;  
For they died a shovin' 'andcarts,  
A pullin' me an' brother.  
Yes, they died a shovin' 'andcarts,  
An' they died most awful slow;  
Oh, they died travellin' to Zion,  
An' was buried in the snow.

Hin the day uv resurrection,  
When our bodies all shall rise,  
An' each soul shall claim 'is body,  
All unchanged in form an' size,  
What habout father an' mother,  
Dyin' out there on the plains—  
Their flesh gnawed by wolves 'an scattered—  
Their bones rottin' in the rains?

Our Bishop says God wont be balked  
By coyotes, wolves, or snow,  
But hin the twinklin huv an eye  
'E will cause again to grow  
Together hall their flesh an' bones  
'E will raise them from the dust!  
I 'ope our Bishop tells the truth  
I can honly 'ope 'an trust.

Brigham said that they was martyrs,  
My father 'an my mother;  
For they died a shovin' 'andcarts,  
A pullin me 'an brother.  
Yes, they died a shovin' 'andcarts,  
An' their bones is scattered now;  
Yes, they died, travellin' to Zion!  
But they'll rise, God 'E knows 'ow!

---

## A DEUTCHMAN'S SERMON

(Full of good Mormon doctrine even if lacking  
in beautiful diction).

Dear Brudder unt dear Sister—Ve—  
I am surprised as I can be  
Dot der Bishop has caullt on me,  
For I to speak am unvorthy.

Unless der Holy Spirit He  
Mit mir remains, unt does not flee  
I am afrait I'm oop a tree  
Oh may he hear my tenter plea.

I know our brudder Yoseph, he  
Got's prophet vas. By Got's decree  
Der pure briesthood and heafens key  
Yoseph restort. I am happy.

Gott iss a man ve all agree;  
But he has growt and so vill ve.  
Vat he iss now, dot may ve be  
He has viel vifes, more as my tree.

Gott's spirit kinder makes dis plea:  
"Oh gif us all bodies—earthly."  
So lif ve in polygamy.  
As dit Yesus in Betany.

For all times unt eternity  
My tree vifes haf been sealt to me.  
So ven ve die ve are nicht free.  
Dey vakes oop ven I calls "Marie!"

Gott's temple hier iss stanting—she  
To vich all vorthy Saints shoul't flee  
Unt dere do vork from A to Z  
For unsaft deat—dere souls to free.

Jah! Each gut Saint from Galilee,  
To far off Yapan by der sea,  
Must gif his tenth—vich helt in fee  
Vill grow unt bent der Chentile's knee.

Tobak unt kaffee unt dot tea  
Der Vort of Visdom dos agree  
Is very bat for you unt me  
From dese like from der Teufel flee.

Dot Mountain Meadows Massacree  
He vas an awful yambaree!  
But I couldt neffer neffer see  
Vy Onkel Sam killt Yawn D. Lee!

Dear Brudder unt dear Sister—Ve—  
I ask all in humility  
From der Lort Yesus Amen—he—  
I stop right hier. Hier ents my plea.

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## THE LONE GENTILE

Now and then one comes across a solitary "Gentile—a man who is not a Mormon—living in an isolated Mormon community. Pressure exerted by the hierarchy has one of two effects upon such Gentiles; either they become unduly aggressive in self-defense, or they are completely cowed. This old Englishman wanted to tell what he knew about the Mountain Meadows Massacre, but hard experience had taught him caution.

Hits forty year that Hi've been 'ere,  
Livin' 'ere among 'em.  
Hi've seen some things w'ats bloomin' queer!  
Livin' 'ere among 'em.  
For hinstance now—did you 'ear tell,  
Livin' 'ere among 'em.  
'Ow old Colonel—Um! O! Aw! Well—

Well, they've been very good to me.  
They let me live, and my wife she,  
Um! Aw! She's one huv them, and we—  
Hi daren't tell you! Now cawn't you see?

But Hi tell you in forty year,  
Livin' 'ere among 'em,  
Hi've seen some things wat's bluidy queer!  
Livin' 'ere among 'em.  
For hinstance now, did you 'ear tell,  
Livin' 'ere among 'em.  
'Ow the Mountain—Um! O! Aw! Well—

Well, they've been very good to me.  
They let me live, and my wife she,  
Um! Aw! She's one huv them, and we—  
We 'ave ten children! Cawn't you see?

But as Hi said, in forty year,  
Livin' 'ere among 'em,  
Hi've seen some things w'ats blawsted queer!  
Livin' 'ere among 'em.  
For hinstance now—did you 'ear tell  
Livin' 'ere among 'em.  
'Ow the bluidy—Um! O! Aw! Well—

Well they've been very good to me  
They let me live, and my wife she,  
Um! Aw! She's one huv them, an' we—  
Hi—Hi've got to live 'ere! Cawn't you see?

## THE OLD MORMON

How many times one hears the "I know that Joseph Smith is a Prophet of God" without any attempt being made to state why one knows. This old Mormon's attitude is typical of many of the older generation. The younger generation, naturally, is not "knowing" so much and is attempting to give proofs for that to which they assent.

Bah! You Gentile preachers with your fat salaries  
Disgust me!

Your appeal to reason—play to the galleries—  
Wearies me.

I ask you "In God's name what place has cold  
reason

In religion?"

Cold reason against faith always has been  
treason—

Rankest treason!

I ask not for reason. I demand the "I know"  
Which comes from faith,  
Not from reason earthly, foul, deceitful, low,  
But from pure faith.

Give me the "I know" coming from a thousand  
lips

Week after week, day after day,  
Not the "I believe for reasons" from him who dips  
Into theology for pay.

Give me the words of them who without  
reason know

The Gospel's true.

And o'er the hardest trail with them I'll  
gladly go

Tho they be few.

Fool! You waste your breathe! You preacher  
with your reason!

Go! You disgust me!

Your words, against pure faith, all are rankest  
treason!

Go! You weary me!

## WE'RE A PECULIAR PEOPLE

My dear brothers and dear sisters,  
It has been said you know,  
We are a peculiar people  
No matter where we go.  
How good it is to find all men  
Of us can say this thing!  
Come now, join with me in these words,  
And with me gladly sing.

### CHORUS:

Oh we're a peculiar people—  
We are, we are, we are!  
By Moroni in the steeple—(a)  
Angelic guiding star—  
By Joseph's books,  
By Brigham's wives,  
By our good looks,  
By our "Bee hives," (b)  
Oh, we're a peculiar people—  
We are, we are, we are!

To be a peculiar people  
To some would mean disgrace;  
But all God's children have been so,  
Behold the Chosen race!  
Oh may they call us to the end,  
Peculiar people, while  
We live as brethren and sisters,  
In God's appointed style.

- (a) The statue of the angel Moroni, which crowns one of the eastern spires of the Salt Lake Temple. Moroni, according to Mormon lore, buried the golden plates containing the records of his people and then, centuries later, as an angel, visited Joseph Smith and directed him to the plates.
- (b) The early Mormon name for their territory was "Deseret" which their scholars translated honey bee. The bee hive is the most prominent figure on the Utah State seal.



## CHORUS

For we're a peculiar people—  
We are, we are, we are!  
By Moroni in the steeple—  
Who guides us from afar;  
By Brigham's beard,  
By daughters fair,  
By Bishops fear'd,  
By our long hair,  
Oh, we're a peculiar people—  
We are, we are, we are!

---

## THE SECOND

Doubtless many Mormon women were happy in polygamy. It was a living death for hundreds, however—a death they had to live. One hears sorrowful, bitter stories now and then, such as this one. But for the most part there is silence. Fortunately polygamy is no longer a real issue in Mormondom.

Frighten me with hell?  
Me, whose eyes were never free from tears,  
Me, whose heart was filled with hate and fears,  
Me, who lived in Hell for twenty years,  
Frighten me with Hell?

Exaltation—Hell!  
Choose, they said, when I, a joyful bride,  
Found another woman by his side,  
Knew that he who married me had lied.  
Exaltation—Hell!

Happiness then fled.  
How they labored with me hour by hour!  
How they made me feel the priesthood's power,  
Till at last I could do naught but cower!  
Happiness then fled.

Innocent I was.

Who was there to warn me not to sell  
My very soul? Who was there to tell  
Me that exaltation is earth's Hell?

Innocent I was.

So I lived my life—

Shared his love with her who first loved him—  
How she wished to tear me limb from limb!  
Shared a love that daily grew more dim—  
So I lived my life.

'Till at last he died.

Do you think I tried to weep and moan?  
I rejoiced, so hard my heart had grown!  
'Twas the happiest day my life had known!  
When at last he died.

Frighten me with Hell?

There can be but one worse Hell for me!  
That I lived for twenty years—and he—  
Go! The church can never bend my knee!  
Frighten me with Hell!!!

---

## HE'S THE BEST PRESIDENT

The President of the Mormon stake, in the rural sections, often possess autocratic power. As long as he keeps the people in line, and does not go too far in whatever else he tries to put over, there seems to be little complaint from headquarters. "How he's skinned the people" was the universal complaint made about this man, but he held office for years.

He's the best President

That the Church ever sent!

But gee!

How he's skinned the people!

Why he rules like a King!  
He can pray. He can sing!  
But gee!  
How he's skinned the people.

All is well. Let him skin!  
He is fat. We are thin!  
Presidents  
Live to skin the people.

---

## BENEDICTION

(Apocryphal)

Oh Gott, who dwells  
At home abuf,  
Dismiss us now  
In peace, mit luf.  
Ve ask it all in der name  
Uf der Father, unt der Son,  
Unt der—unt der—ander vun—  
(O August! Quick! Quick as you can!  
His name? Dot ander chentleman!)

---

## THE OLD MAN SPEAKS

See here now young feller!  
You're sweet on my Steller,  
An' damned if I ever denied 'er;  
But fer this once I will.  
Hike it now up the Hill!  
Fer I know you're a rank outsider.

No, I don't make no noise,  
When I see our own boys,  
A strollin' the old hill beside 'er.  
If there's trouble, they'll marry,  
And I'm not a bit scarry;  
But I am with a rank outsider!

Oh you may be all right,  
But it sure throws a fright,  
To see an outsider with Steller;  
Fer when there is trouble,  
You're trashy as stubble!  
Hike now, fer I'm dead sure a heller!!

---

## THE "HUNDRED AND TWENTY SIGNERS"

President Woodruff (a)  
He was the stuff!  
He came to St. George,  
Up through the gorge.  
God's temple he sought,  
As quick as thought.  
He, all alone there,  
Offered his prayer.

To his great surprise,  
With his own eyes,  
He saw spirits rise,  
Thick as the flies.  
One hundred—a score,  
All these, no more,  
Before him bowed low,  
In a straight row.

Then gravely spake one,  
George Washington:  
"My friends here and I,  
In days gone by,  
For liberty signed,  
(So you will find)  
What Jefferson's mind  
So well designed."

(a) A President of the Mormon Church.

"At last we all died.  
Preachers had lied!  
Their impure gospel  
Sent us to Hell.  
But wily old "Nick"  
We soon made sick.  
He turned us all loose;  
He was no goose."

"Then restless our search  
For the true church.  
Today in the air (b) —  
We caught your prayer.  
We now know for sure  
The gospel pure.  
Oh! End our deep sorrow  
By proxy, tomorrow."

Then down on their knees  
Creeping like bees,  
Each poor spirit went, (c) ✓  
Each his back bent!  
Each begged with his eyes  
His groans and his sighs,  
"Oh end our deep sorrow,  
By proxy tomorrow!"

A "Presby'r preacher (d)  
Then made a big stir.  
There, on his bare knees,  
Cried, "Save me, oh please!"  
My dear friends beware,  
Their rank falsehoods bare!  
All "Presby'r" preachers  
Are Satan's teachers.

(b) Before the day of radio. Perhaps a "Lat-  
ter-day miracle."

(c) According to the old Mormon conception  
an individual possess his earthly body in the  
next life, but "spirit" courses through his  
veins instead of blood.

(d) Presbyterian.

President Woodruff  
Soon cried: "Enough!"  
He smiled, and then said,  
"Home and to bed!  
I pity your plight,  
I'll do what's right.  
We'll end your deep sorrow,  
By proxy tomorrow."

So with the morrow,  
Ended their sorrow.  
Endowments he took,  
While the heavens shook.  
He saved Washington,  
And all, every one.  
I'll hand you my gun,  
If it wasn't fun!

---

## CAUSE AND EFFECT

"I kick because you goad me;  
I kick because you load me,  
I kick because you make me suffer so!"  
The Skinner said, "You're wrong, mule,  
Your heels are just too strong, mule,  
I goad because you're such a kicker—O—"

Thus spake the mule and thus spake the Skinner,  
During a fracas just after dinner.

"I suffer because I believe all,  
I suffer because I receive all,  
I suffer because I know the gospel's true!"  
To himself the vice-gerent said, "Man,  
You mistake the tail for the head, man,  
You believe because you suffer through  
and through."

Thus spake the poor "Saint", and thus  
God's vice-gerent  
Encouraged the error. 'Twas his right inherent.

"Suff'ring men and kicking mules,  
Often reason like great fools,  
Mistaking the real cause for an effect;  
But vice-gerents do not err,  
Tho they seem to as they purr,  
'You're right dear brother, perfectly correct.'"

Thus spake the Gentile high up in a tree,  
But good Saints with him will never agree.

---

## BETTER THAN JESUS CHRIST

The Mormon church has produced many odd characters. Each priest after the Order of Melchizedek is supposed to be in direct line to receive divine revelation for the guidance of himself and family. It is no wonder that among the thousands of priests in the church some few like Skillett should be found.

Dear Brothers and dear Sisters:

Tho I might take a neighbor's steer,  
And kill, then fry and grill it—  
Yet I'm better than Jesus Christ,  
Sure as my name is Skillett!

If I should steal a widow's farm,  
And then delight to till it—  
Still I'm better than Jesus Christ,  
Sure as my name is Skillett!

Tho I had pow'r to save a life,  
But should not care to will it—  
Still I'm better than Jesus Christ,  
Sure as my name is Skillett!

Jesus made wine at Cana's feast,  
And took a jar to fill it!  
I never made wine in my life,  
Sure as my name is Skillet.

Jesus drank wine with publicans,  
Oh how he loved to swill it!  
I never drank wine in my life,  
Sure as my name is Skillett.

Tho I might steal, kill, hate, or lie,  
The wine—I always spill it!  
So I'm better than Jesus Christ,  
Sure as my name is Skillet!

---

## AFTER A DRY YEAR

Offered for sale,  
Range-fed cattle.  
Hear their poor frames,  
Grate and rattle.  
Without flesh, jest  
Hide and bone—a,  
From Utah and  
Arizon—a.

---

## THREE GENTILES (TO W. G.)

"Let's take a chaw of tobacco  
And cuss the Mormons out.  
We three can send them a-kitin'  
If any are about."

We took a chaw of tobacco,  
And cussed "The Church," we three;  
For we are rip-roarin' Gentiles—  
Tobacco, you and me.



## A CUSSIN' THE MORMONS YOU KNOW

We Gentiles get together,  
In every kind of weather,  
And we always have one thing to talk about;  
We never tire of talking—  
Sitting, standing, walking—  
It's a very fruitful subject without doubt:

### CHORUS:

A cussin' the Mormons, you know,  
A dealin' the "Saints" blow on blow!  
It draws us together,  
In all kinds of weather,  
A cussin' the Mormons' you know.

Oh we differ as to creeds,  
And as to man's liquor needs!  
And politically we are far, far apart;  
But we know it isn't right,  
For Utah Gentiles to fight,  
So we round the bunch up and then always start:

### CHORUS:

Oh it's easy to forget  
That we're not quite perfect yet,  
When we start to cuss the Mormons black  
and blue.  
Oft it seems that we are glad  
That they are so very bad—  
Wonder if we try to hide the wrongs we do.

### CHORUS

---

## AN OLD MAN

I'll not be tellin' you  
Fer fear I'll tell you wrong.  
My mem'ries twisted bad,  
I've lived here fer so long.  
If I could jest think straight  
I'd tell you good an' strong—  
I'll not be tellin' tho,  
Fer fear I'll tell you wrong.

I'll ask you one thing tho,  
An' it's peculiar now:  
I fill my pipe up full—  
I'll smoke it all, I vow;  
But jest a puff or two  
Is all I want, I 'low  
To ask you one thing tho—  
Ain't it peculiar, now?

---

## “WE ARE A KINDLY PEOPLE”

The old line Mormon can never be accused of possessing too small an appreciation of his own virtues or those of his people. “We are a kindly people” was suggested by the funeral of a homeless Gentile cowboy who was brought into a Mormon town to die after he had been fatally injured by a fall from his horse.

Behold the Gentile sinner dead!  
Oh, we are a kindly people.  
His broncho dumped him on his head,  
Oh, we are a kindly people.  
His spirit from his body fled,  
Oh, we are a kindly people.  
Now we are making his last bed,  
Oh, we are a kindly people.

Dear sisters, pile the flowers on high,  
For we are a kindly people,  
Come brethren! groan and moan and sigh,  
For we are a kindly people.  
Now solemn choir, sing low, then high,  
For we are a kindly people.  
Ye elders speak, then lay him by,  
For we are a kindly people.

He's dead! Our words can not help him!  
Yet we are a kindly people.  
Alone his chance is mighty slim,  
Yet we are a kindly people.  
But we'll go through God's temple dim,  
Yes, we are a kindly people.  
And snatch his soul from hell's jaws grim,  
Yes, we are a kindly people.

Oh, who would bury such a knave,  
Yet, we are a kindly people.  
Would lay him out and dig his grave,  
Yes, we are a kindly people.  
Would scatter flow'rs and his soul save,  
Yes, we are a kindly people.  
And not once o'er their virtues rave?  
Oh, we are a kindly people!

Brethren, sisters, let us away!  
Oh, we are a kindly people.  
The grave is filled, why should we stay?  
Yet, we are a kindly people.  
God will reward us for this day,  
For we are a kindly people.  
We know he'll not forget to pay,  
Yes, we are a kindly people.

---

## WHY DO THEY PASS ME BY?

The blackest spot in the history of Utah and of the Mormon church is the Mountain Meadows Massacre. The lives of those who took part in it were blighted. Even the Mormon people themselves drew away from some of them, not seeming to realize that the individuals who took part in this massacre were victims of an ecclesiastical system to which they themselves belonged, a system which allowed men in authority to demand and to receive obedience even when they required frightful things.

They were not necessarily evil or cruel men at heart, those who took part in the murder of that large group of innocent men, women and children. The ones I have known who participated in the massacre led lives no one could envy. They were shunned by their own people and cursed by frightful memories.

Why do they pass me by,  
As if I were some loathsome thing?  
Why do the children cry,  
And women flee when I draw near?

I sacrificed my all  
When I obeyed the stern command,  
Answered the priesthood's call.  
To church I gave my all, I say.

My God, what man can know  
The awful struggle that I had  
When I was called to go  
Far south to that accursed spot?

To do—oh what a deed!  
My very soul shrank back from it!  
But still there was great need  
Of it. Thy priests—God, it was right!

That weak, that silent line—  
So helpless as it crept along!  
“Your duty, men”—our sign—  
Then hell’s jaws yawned and took her own.

And then that silence, O!  
Nothing but silence and spilled blood.  
And, and, look! That bow!  
Each day it comes to torment me!

That ribbon bow of red!  
I know the Devil brings it here!  
I cut it off her head,  
By accident when I killed her!

The Devil brings it here!  
Each day it floats before my eyes  
Spattered with blood! I fear—  
No! It was right! God, I did right.

O Gentile! Listen! See!  
For God’s sake take that bloody bow,  
Take it away from me,  
And put it in the tithing house!

Perhaps it will stay there,  
Where it belongs. You know her clothes  
With all the rest—I dare  
Not tell the rest! I dare not go!

Why do they pass me by?  
I’m old. I gave my life for church.  
Why do the children cry  
When I draw near? God! Priesthood! Right!

---

## A GOOD GOSPEL SERMON

One of the startling phenomena one meets now and then in Mormondom is that of the old reprobate who has sounded the depths of dissipa-

tion but is still more or less in good standing in the church, and who is called upon occasionally to testify and to preach.

This old fellow was always ready to preach when he had a plentiful supply of whisky under his belt.

I'm an old pioneer  
That's jest what I am!  
I stand six foot six—  
(I mean no harm, ma'am).

Fer  
I kin preach a good sermon  
The true "Saint's" gospel,  
A good gospel sermon,  
An' do it damned well!

I'm a good jedge of whisky,  
That's jest what I am!  
At poker I'm frisky,  
But who gives a damn?

When  
I kin preach a good sermon,  
The straightest gospel,  
A rattlin' good sermon,  
An' do it damned well!

I'm a grand jedge o' wimmin',  
That's jest what I am!  
Tho my eyes is a dimmin'  
I'm still an old ram.

An'  
I can preach a good sermon,  
The true Saint's gospel,  
A good gospel sermon,  
An' do it damned well!

---

## “OVER THE RIM OF THE BASIN”

The great Hurricane fault, a world-famous geological formation in Southern Utah, is responsible for these words. In the very early days when “Blood Atonement” and “The Mountain Meadows Massacre” were near at hand and when all “outsiders” were looked upon with suspicion by many of the “Saints,” this picturesque phrase was used to describe a fate which was not picturesque. One still hears the words used by the old timers to describe the mysterious disappearance of a man who is believed to have met a violent death.

Drop him over “The Rim of the Basin”  
And drop him mighty hard!  
What business has an outsider gracin’  
The land we sweat for, pard?

Drop him over the rim to the boulders,  
And listen for the crash!  
And when his body stinks as it molders,  
Call it coyote’s hash!

---

## THE DEVIL AN’ BAPTISM!

One marvels at the great Mormon temple system bolstered up with “Else why are ye baptized for the dead if the dead rise not.”

One day as I was mashin’  
An’ burnin’, roastin’, gashin’  
John Mellin, in my fashin’  
Jest for to hear ’im roar,  
Above I heard a splashin’  
A rumblin,’ smashin,’ crashin’  
Like molten lead a dashin’  
Against an oaken floor.

Says I, you damned John Mellin  
Shut up, now! Stop your yellin'!  
Yer doomed to stay this Hell in,  
Thru all eternity.  
I'll lock you fast your cell in,  
For now you may be smellin'  
Your scorched feet while they're swellin'  
I'm goin' above a wee!

I set the earth a shakin'  
And my own place forsakin'  
I left my humans bakin'  
And Mellin in his cell.  
Straight for the new sound takin'  
Into a temple makin'  
I saw the strangest fakin'  
In heaven 'r earth 'r hell.

There stood a scrawny nubbin'  
A monstrous man a tubbin'  
Him they was always dubbin'  
With names of men long dead!  
They dubbed, then sent him grubbin'  
Along the bottom rubbin'  
When he came up a blubbin'  
"Another's saved," he said.

"It's latter-day baptisin',"  
I says, my hair a risin',  
"Fer me this work is pisin'  
This freein' of the dead."  
"Now, Saints, I'd be advisin'  
And you I'll be a wise'n  
Don't try your damned baptism  
On Hell's own sons," I said.

But while I stood a learnin'  
My darkest hour was nearin'!  
The name I'd been a fearin'  
I heard with my own ears!  
As he came up careerin'  
An' fer the edge a steerin'  
He chokes out oh, so cheerin',  
"John Mellin's freed, my dears."



"Stop yer unlawful lootin'!"  
I screamed, and sent them scootin'!  
And then I went a shootin'  
Straight fer my lawful lair.  
Myself I was a bootin'  
An' tho fears I was a hootin',  
I was most sadly dootin'  
If I should find John there!  
"Wake up, John, stop your nappin'!"  
I yelled, my knees a rappin'.  
"Oh, son, my temper's snappin',  
Can Saints the devil cheat?"  
My name! He came a yappin'  
An soon, his legs a strappin',  
My red hot chains was flappin'!  
Who steals the Devil's meat?

It may be a good feelin'  
Saints, when you're tubbin', kneelin',  
To think you are a stealin'  
The Devil's meat, my prey.  
But while you think you're healin'  
I'm all the harder dealin'  
With them by roastin' pealin'  
They're groanin' while you play.

---

## JEST LET ME SET ON MY OWN HEELS

Squatting on their heels out in the sandy street, generally choosing the shade, but sometimes not ready to move when the semi-tropical sun strikes them, is a favorite resting position for some men in certain sections of the Southwest.

The Turk sets down on his crossed legs,  
My woman stands all day;  
The millionaire  
Sets on his chair,  
The kids, they run an' play.

But I ain't got no use fer pegs,  
It's work to stand around,  
An' why should I  
Set up so high  
When God give us the ground.

CHORUS:

Jest let me set on my own heels  
Out in the sandy street  
I ain't forgot  
Yit how to squat,  
An' God, He give me feet.

I took a load of dogie cows,  
Clean to Chicago town,  
At the LaSalle,  
Me an' my pal,  
Was going to set us down.  
But talk about your awful rows!  
We sure got in there bad!  
For when we tried,  
To squat inside,  
They called us drunk an' mad.

CHORUS:

I heard a lyin' preacher oncet,  
He lied! I know he lied!  
He said that we  
Was going to be  
Jest spirits when we died!  
He must a thought I was a dunce  
To swaller all that rot!  
Fer I'm a Saint,  
An' spirits ain't  
Got heels! What has they got?

CHORUS:

God let me set on my own heels  
Out in your golden street.  
I can't ferget,  
God, how to set—  
Jest let me keep my feet.

## THE DYING ELDER'S PRAYER

A most interesting custom among the old Mormons was that of reporting to the proper authority that which they had given to charity. This was written down in **The Book** which they believed was one of the two books the angel would open when they were to be judged. Exaltation to the highest glory, there are three glories according to Mormon lore, is possible for him who among other things has a good record in **The Book**.

God—I know you're a good feller,  
An' your heart is soft an' meller,  
An' you try your level best to know men's deeds;  
But I want to get my credit!  
(There, by Heck, I've gone an' said it)  
When you're cullin' out the good wheat from the  
weeds!

God, fer fear you can't remember,  
January to December,  
All the good that I, thy son, accomplished here,  
I jest feel now to remind you,  
If my prayer this time can find you,  
Of some deeds you haven't noticed, as I fear.

God, remember how I've given,  
While this life I've been a livin',  
To the widders fifty pounds of beef or more!  
God, remember how I sheltered,  
When the wind-storm banded and peltered,  
A vile Gentile who the square an' compass wore.

God, remember my long mission,  
By the lonely river Kishan,  
God, remember how I preached an' sweat an'  
swore,  
God, remember persecution,  
How it wore my constitution,  
God, remember, God, remember, this an' more.

God, remember all these good acts,  
Don't forget, God, fer they're sure facts,  
God, remember each an' every single one.  
An' you know, God, I ain't sinned much!  
God, you know my deeds, they are such  
That I sure the highest glory must have won.

God, I know you're a good feller,  
An' your heart is soft and meller,  
Take the Books an' what I've told an' exalt me!  
What I am I know you once was!  
Hear my prayer, Father, jest because  
I'm your son an' what you are some day I'll be.

---

## THE OLD MORMON

Isa. 4:1.

Some of the older Mormon men have never given up hope of the day when polygamy will be made possible for them again. The fearful mortality in the great World war, with the stories of the women left without possibilities of a marriage in their own lands, gave new impetus to their hope.

I felt sorry for this sensual old elder.

"In that day seven women  
Shall take hold one man."  
Sure as fate that day's nearin'  
An' I'll do what I can.

"We will wear our apparel  
We will eat our own bread."  
An' perhaps these good sisters  
Will make sure that I'm fed.

"Take away our reproaches  
And call us by thy name."  
Why, old gals, sure I'll do it  
I'm right here an' I'm game.

Seven wives! Seven women!  
When this good war is past.  
How I've longed for this one day!  
Now it's near, near at last!

Seven wives! Seven women!  
But desire's growin' cold.  
Seven wives? Seven women?  
Oh, my God! Now I'm old.

I'm so old. I'm so feeble.  
Oh, my God! Hear my cry!  
Seven wives! Seven women!  
Give me youth or I die!

---

## DUTY

Unique characters develop in Mormondom. This one was very much a part of the life of this little community. The housewives living near the Co-op store could always tell whether it was near mealtime or not by his presence on or absence from the store steps.

Some men has their duties  
W'at drives them day by day—  
Plantin' wheat an' lucerne  
An' puttin' up their hay!  
Duties by the hundred,  
From dawn till settin' sun,  
I ain't got no duties—  
I've only got jest one!

### CHORUS:

Settin' on the step of the old Co-op -  
It's my duty, don't you see!  
Wearin' down a hole in the sandstone rock—  
That's what God expects of me!

One day I forgot it  
Clean till I'd gone to bed!  
Gosh! How I was frightened!  
Oh, Brigham! How I sped  
Down the street a kitin'  
With jest my garments on!  
Had to do my duty,  
Before the mornin' dawn.

CHORUS:

Some day I'll be dyin'  
An' next they'll call me dead.  
One great boon I'm askin'  
After my spirit's fled.  
If I do my duty  
An' wear that step right deep—  
Take it for my coffin—  
That's where I want to sleep!

CHORUS:

Lyin' in the step of the old Co-op  
It's my duty, don't you see.  
Holdin' down a hole in the sandstone rock—  
That's what God expects of me.

---

## SYLVESTER

The fond hope of many an old Mormon is  
that Gentiles will be his servants when he rules  
"his world."

He's a short, broad man  
With twinklin' eyes,  
And his paunch is full an' round,  
And he has two wives,  
As fat as he,  
And he owns a lot of ground.

Oh, his teeth are gone,  
He wears no coat,  
And his whiskers blow all day;  
But he laughs gaily,  
And looks so wise,  
That I love to hear him say:

"I'm a Saint, I am,  
A good old Saint;  
And, I'm proud of it, you bet!  
And whene'er I die  
There is a world  
That I'm sure, Gentile, to get."

"Oh, I'll rule up there,  
Just like a king,  
And my wives will be my queens!  
And my sons and theirs,  
Will bow to me,  
And they'll know what priesthood means."

"And I'll use you, too,  
You rank Gentile,  
For a lackey round the place!  
Why, I'll make you sweat  
Jest like a slave  
When I rule you and your race."

He's a short, broad man  
With twinkling eyes,  
And his paunch is full and round.  
So I let him talk,  
And keep his world,  
For he's just a child, I've found.

---

## MATT. 23:15

You compass the land,  
You compass the sea,  
To make you a proselyte.  
You seize his right hand,  
You woo—and then flee  
With a Christian Neophite.

Oh, what have you done  
With him weak and mild?  
Have you made him twofold more,  
The devil's own son,  
The devil's own child,  
Then you were yourself, before?

---

## I SORT O' LIKE YOU

Mormon elder, Mormon elder,  
I sort o' like you!  
You're rough and you're ready  
You're staunch an' you're true.  
You work like a wheel-horse,  
You stick like a screw!  
Mormon elder, Mormon elder,  
I sort o' like you.

Mormon elder, Mormon elder,  
I sort o' like you.  
I'll say for you're comfort,  
If only I knew,  
One-tenth that you're sure of,  
I'd be a "Saint," too.  
Mormon elder, Mormon elder,  
I sort o' like you.

Mormon elder, Mormon elder,  
I'm sorry for you!  
You know without knowledge,  
Because others do!  
You lead like a ringed bull,  
You fight like one, too!  
In spite of it all, tho,  
I sort o' like you!

---



## A BACK-COUNTRY ANOINTING

Following the admonition of James, the orthodox Mormon believes in anointing the sick with oil at the hands of the Elders. While this is often made a dignified ceremony, it become clownish and disgusting under unfavorable conditions. The fanatical faith of the early days which discouraged the employment of doctors has given way to the whole-hearted call for the physician as soon as the Elders are sent for. The combination of the physician's skill, nature, and the oil at the hands of the Elders seems to cure or to kill very much as the combination, with the oil missing, does elsewhere.

I met two solemn Mormon men  
A rushing up the street.  
They passed me by without a look;  
They had no time to greet  
A Gentile friend. They hurried on  
These Mormon sons of toil,  
To anoint a sick sister Saint  
With consecrated oil.

As they passed by I caught a whiff  
Of each Elders' barnyard,  
I saw their hands, unwashed and cracked,  
Toil-stained and very hard.  
Horsehairs were hanging to their coats,  
Their boots sheltered manure,  
But consecrated oil they had  
And it was olive pure!

I saw them as they reached the door,  
Their faces grave and stern,  
Importance written in each eye,  
Cocksure—nothing to learn—  
And I confess my Mormon friends,  
It made me smile to think  
Those Elders two could have the nerve  
To enter with that stink.

Of course I know they were Elders,  
And so had power to heal!  
But me, oh my! Those awful hands!  
Tell me how did she feel,  
That sister Saint so wan and white  
When oil, with barnyard scent  
Dribbled down on her trustful face  
She, sick and almost spent.

---

## WE 'AVEN'T DONE BAD (To M. and J. Walker)

My sister's feet was frozen hoff,  
Hin crossin' uv the plains;  
An' father died there uv a cough,  
Hin crossin' uv the plains.

But we 'aven't done bad,  
Hin our comin' 'ere,  
For we own hour own 'ome,  
An' taxes is clear.

My 'usband Jack lost hall 'e 'ad  
'Ere in the hearly days;  
The Pi-ets killed my holdest lad,  
'Ere in the hearly days.

But we might 'ave done worse,  
Hin our comin' 'ere;  
For 'our 'ome is hour own,  
An' taxes is clear.

Hour children hall 'ave gone away,  
Now that we've growed so hold;  
They aint been 'ere for many a day,  
Now that we've growed so hold.

But God 'as been good,  
Hin our comin, 'ere,  
For we own hour own 'ome,  
An' taxes is clear.

Hi only 'ope that Jack goes first,  
Hup to the 'ome habove;  
An' then, Hi'll go after Hi've nursed  
'Im to the 'ome above.

And we won't do so bad  
In our new 'ome hup there,  
For we own a 'ole world (a)  
In the 'eavens somewhere.

- (a) The possibility of becoming God of a world, in days to come, was held out as an alluring hope to faithful Mormon priests. Their first wives were to reign with them.
- 

## I LIKE TO GO TO MEETIN'

I like to go to meetin'!  
I love to sit up front;  
An' while the hours is fleetin',  
I shut my eyes an' grunt.

I never know what's happ'nin';  
I never hear what's said.  
They may be jest a preachin',  
Or praisin' up the dead.

It's all the same to me, tho,  
No matter what they do;  
For I jest go to meetin'  
To rest the long hours through.

I go each time they have one,  
I love to go so well.  
It's fine to be in God's House,  
An' sleepin there is swell.

## A REQUEST FROM R. S.

I'm in an awful troubles  
Mr. Breacher—Bresbyr Breacher!  
Mine prains vill smash like bubbles  
Mr. Breacher, Bresbyr Breacher!  
If you vcn't blease take mein blace  
Mit your violin unt case  
Unt your smiling liddle face—  
Mr. Breacher, Bresbyr Breacher.

I vant to see mein Tillie  
Mr. Breacher, Bresbyr Breacher.  
She calls me her own Villie,  
Mr. Breacher, Bresbyr Breacher.  
Blease to give me this vun chance  
Blay for me at der next dance  
Unt I'll pe your Deutcher Aunts  
Mr. Breacher, Bresbyr Breacher.

---

## “THE BISHOP ORDERS HIS TOMB”

“Nephi, lad, my Sarah's boy,  
I know I shall die tonight.  
Promise me one thing my lad,  
Promise me—for it is right.”

“When I go, lad, dig my grave—  
I had three wives, three there were—  
Dig my grave next to Sarah's  
Lay me with my face toward her,”

“On the resurrection morn,  
When I open my glad eyes,  
First I want to see Sarah,  
First, I'll call on her to rise.”

“She was best of all the three;  
She was truest, she was brave!  
Lay me with my face toward her,  
So I'm near her in the grave.”

"Nephi, lad, you'll promise me?  
There, there, lad, come now, don't cry!  
Promise now you'll not fail me.  
Thanks, my boy. Now let me die."

---

## A NEPHITE

The Nephites, according to the Book of Mormon, were the good people, descendants of Nephi, who inhabited the Western hemisphere before the "discovery" of America by Columbus. They were annihilated in battle with the Lamanites, descendants of Nephi's bad brother Laman. The Indians are the children of Laman.

Superstitions about the return of ghostly Nephites used to be common in isolated sections of Mormondom.

I aint a sceered uv cougar:  
I roped one yisterday!  
An' with my good ole Lugar  
I'll fight most any way.  
I aint afraid uv snake bite,  
I aint a skeered of bear,  
But don't you mention Nephite  
Jest fer to throw a scare!

I never seen a Nephite:  
I hope to God I don't!  
But I seen tracks one dark night—  
You pray to God you won't!!  
Them tracks was four feet long, full,  
Out by the graveyard fence!  
I'll face a fightin' mad bull  
But gosh! I've got some sense!

I took a look at one track:  
I knowed whose track it was!  
A Nephite sure had come back  
And I jest run, because—  
Tho I aint skeered uv cougar,  
I roped one yisterday—  
But God! What good's a Lugar  
Agin a Nephite? Say!

---

## THE SOUTHERN SAINTS

Those who colonized Southern Utah and the country adjacent in Arizona and Nevada did as brave a thing as pioneers have ever done. "Sent on a mission to colonize," they were in honor bound to remain. Because only religious fervor could sustain people in the face of such severe tests as the colonization of this isolated desert land imposed upon them, even today the southland of Mormondom is the backbone of loyalty and conservatism in the Mormon church.

God's prophet said, "The land is large,  
I send you on a mission.  
Possess the south, I strictly charge,  
And conquer the wild desert.  
Possess it all and till the soil,  
Conquer the land and 'Laman' foil,  
Plant settlements in faith, with toil;"  
That's why we came.

We traveled over the great waste,  
In wagons drawn by oxen.  
Day after day southward we faced,  
We dared to brave the unknown.  
Without a road, without a trail,  
We blazed our way, we dared not fail;  
O'er hills and snow, through sand and shale:  
That's how we came.

Only the faithful dared to come,  
Those who believed God's Prophet;  
And of the Saints who came soon some  
Returned, worn out by hardships.  
Only the strongest dared remain:  
Those who could laugh at suff'ring, pain,  
Those who were ready to be slain:  
That's how we stayed.

We struggled on through long hard years,  
Eating God's roots and berries.  
Our faith alone could still our fears.  
Our faith in God's own Prophet.  
We dug ditches and cleared the land,  
We planted crops and fought the sand,  
While we were fed from God's own hand:  
That's how we lived.

And then—our God was good to us!  
Through all the years which followed  
We prospered, and staunchly we stood  
Fast for his law and Prophet.  
Today we hail his Prophet true!  
Today we pledge ourselves anew  
Always in faith his will to do:  
That's how we live.

---

## FROM THE POLE

This centers around the old Mormon tradition that the "Ten Missing Tribes" of Israel were living in a depression at the North Pole in semi-tropical ease, and that in due time they would join the Mormons, the true "Israel," in overthrowing the U. S. government. The discovery of the North Pole and the sure death of the old antagonisms to the U. S. government of course destroyed this belief and hope.

They'll come from the North with a shout!  
From the Pole where they yearn,  
From the Pole where they burn,  
They'll come, and they'll soon put to rout,  
Gentile foes who dare fight,  
Gentiles foes left and right,  
They'll come, Isr'el's Ten Missing Tribes.

We'll join with Isr'el 'gainst the foe!  
Isr'el's blood is our blood,  
Isr'el's horn made to bud,  
We'll conquer with them high and low—  
From the West to the East,  
Every man, every beast,  
We'll rule with Isr'el to the end!

---

## A GOOD LATTER DAY SAINT (Apocryphal)

I know mein poy,  
Is pretty pad,  
I know he is, mein frent;  
I know he smokes,  
Unt Dixie vine,  
Vill trink until der ent.

I know he steals,  
Unt crooked deals,  
Mit efery man he meets!  
I know mit girls,  
He shakes der curls  
Unt always virtue peats.

But I tank Gott,  
Unt liff content,  
Unt I don't make comblaint;  
For Vilhelm is,  
In spite of all,  
A gutt Latter Day Saint.



## TOAB'S BAPTISM

According to the Book of Mormon story and Mormon tradition the Lamanites (Indians) are "black" because they sinned. The promise was made to them that if they would accept the gospel and be baptized they would become a "white and lightsome people." Old Toab, so the story runs, was willing.

Mormon Bishop, he say,  
"Black Lamanite,  
You like to get white?"  
Me say, "Mebbe so, today."

Mormon Bishop, he say,  
"You go baptize,  
Me Bishop! No lies!"  
Me say, "Mebbe so, pique!" (a)

Mormon Bishop, he say,  
"Name Fadder Son  
Big Nubitz (b) Me run!  
Me think, mebbe so, yaque (c)

Mormon Bishop, he say,  
You Laminite,  
All same Nephite! White!"  
Me look! Me black! No good way!!

Coch! Pretty quick get gun!  
Me wet! Me mad!  
Me black! Pretty bad!  
Pretty quick, Bishop, he run!

(a) Go.

(b) Spirit.

(c) Die.

## TOOK HIS GARMENTS OFF

"Garments" are underwear, formerly closed with strings instead of buttons, and cut on knee and breast with gashes which have meaning to the "Temple Mormon." Interesting superstitions were connected with them. Some zealots would never take their bodies completely out of their "garments," but would bathe only a part of the body at a time. It was the belief of some that the wearing of these garments was a magical protection against bullets. The great World War, in which the Mormons did their part valiantly, destroyed the last vestige of this superstition among the young.

Taking off the "garments" means apostasy, the most terrible word in the Mormon vocabulary.

Oh, he rushed up to his room,  
And he took his garments off,  
And he never put them on no more;  
But they didn't hold him back,  
And the maids were not ashamed,  
When he turned and walked right out the door.

Oh the maids they did not blush  
Not a soul there knew his plight  
Walking out without his garments, famed—  
Till he cried, "Now cut me off!  
For I'm through with church and priest."  
Then they saw and hid their eyes ashamed.

---

## PRACTICAL THEOLOGY

On the "Resurrection Morn" it is to be the husband's privilege to waken the wife from her long rest. Married to his wife for "Eternity" as well as for "Time" it is his duty to waken her. The fear that perhaps he will not care to

do so is a very real one with some wives, perhaps with good reason. The hope of some couples is that they may rule a world together somewhere in the heavens.

"Yes, me and your pa  
Is married," said ma,  
"For time and eternity—O."  
"But dad said, "No, Sal!  
You're wrong there, old gal,  
It's time and maternity—O."

"I'll rise from the dead  
When dad calls," she said.  
We'll reign through eternity—O!"  
Said dad, "You forget,  
To call you then, pet,  
Perhaps I'll not yearn—ity—O."

Then ma got right mad,  
And tore into dad,  
In time, not eternity—O,  
Till dad roared, "Enough!  
Don't use me so rough!  
I'll call you, gosh durn—ity—O."

---

## AS MEN DO

The Mormon people, as a whole, are very charitable as they view the faults of fellow Mormons in good standing.

He kind 'a has a habit  
Of drinkin' a little whisky,  
An' that sort 'a goes agin him,  
That I know.  
An' sometimes he beats his wives up  
When he has a little to much—  
But I call him a good old man  
As men go,

He kind 'a took a second  
Long after the "Manifesto," (a)  
An' that sort 'a goes agin him  
That I know.

Then he went off on a mission,  
An' he left his wives to rustle,  
But he's a pretty good old man  
As men go.

He yustuh rustle cattle  
In the days when men was riders,  
An' that sort 'a goes agin him,  
That I know.

But he always paid his tithin',  
An' he always loved the gospel,  
So I know he's a good old man  
As men go.

(a) Manifesto. The revelation coming from President Woodruff informing the church that polygamous marriages were to be discontinued for the time being.

---

## MORMON GENEROSITY

I know of no people who give of time and money for church, charity, and public service as freely and as cheerfully as do the common people in the Mormon church. While they blindly criticize other churches for being mercenary when they take up the weekly offering for the support of the church, they do not seem to realize that their gifts average far greater per capita than the gifts of any Christian body, when the ten percent tithing, paid in a lump sum to the Bishop, is included.

"I give my tenth,  
Sometimes twice o'er;  
My fast off'rings,  
Take somethink more."

"I help our boys  
Out in the world;  
The gospel's flag  
Must not be furled."

"I work my team  
A week at least,  
That our good roads  
May be increased."

"I buy tickets  
To dances, shows,  
To help support—  
Goodness—who knows?"

"Then I subscribe  
A score of times  
To this or that—  
Dollars, not dimes."

"A donation?  
Yes, sure I'll sign.  
Five dollars. There!  
No use to whine."

"It breaks me flat,  
But I can live.  
One thing I know:  
That's how to give."

And all that I can say, my friend,  
Is this: "Gladly you give  
While the demand will never end.  
And still, somehow you live."

## IF THEY'D ONLY PRACTICE

Then Joeville boys  
Sure scalped our team,  
But say, why should we care?  
They're just a bunch  
Of red-faced rubes,  
And we, we all kin sware

Our boys kin skin  
That Joeville bunch—  
If they'd practice.  
They have talent—  
Great gobs of it!  
All they need is practice!

Them Panrich girls  
Outsung our girls.  
But say, why should you care?  
They're just a bunch  
Of country maids  
And we, we all kin sware

Our girls kin skin  
Them Panrich girls  
If they'd only practice.  
They have talent—  
Great gobs of it!  
All they need is practice!

It sure is fine  
To see talent  
In all our girls an' boys.  
It is better,  
Than winning out;  
An' we, we always joys

To know that they  
Kin beat the world—  
If they'd only practice!  
They have talent—  
Great gobs of it!  
All they need is practice!

## TUM QUATZ

Representatives of the Smithsonian institute uncovered a mud-lodge at Paragonah, Utah on one wall of which was found the print of a hand.

Long long ago in a  
Fresh builded mud-lodge, a  
Captive Piute was held by his fierce foeman.  
Outside the tom-toms  
Were beating most wildly, and  
Fresh painted Moqui's were leaping and dancing.

Tum—a—tuh—tum—a—tuh  
Sounded the tom-tom's while  
Praises were shouted to Mokiak, Chieftain!  
"Braves will remember him  
Long as the moon lives, for  
He captured Tum Quatz," so chanted the warriors.

Mokiak stood like a  
Statue of copper. His  
Head was held high and his eyes both  
were blazing!  
Nostrils distended he  
Thought of the many who  
Ever would call him the world's greatest chieftain.

Tum Quatz the Piute they  
Led from the mud lodge. Well  
He knew what waited him—fire and fierce torture.  
Bravely he died, taunting  
Them to his last breath. Nor  
Ever dreamed he that a paleface would know him.

See these burnt walls of an  
Old Moqui mud-lodge which  
Yesterday I cleared of the waste of ages.  
Come place your hand in the  
Hand of a dead chief, and  
Sing praises with me to a fearless warrior.

Come place your hand in the  
Hand of brave Tum Quatz, made  
When he pressed firmly against the soft clay wall!  
Mokiak chieftain is  
Dead and forgotten, but  
Tum Quatz is living today in this mud-lodge!

Tum Quatz I hail you! I  
Feel that I know you, for  
I've placed my hand in your hand, dauntless  
warrior.  
You were a man, for you  
Waited for death without trembling or cow'ring!  
That hand tells the story.

---

## YOUNG UTAH

Such demands as the Mormon Church sometimes makes of its members, depriving them of full liberty of speech and action, make it increasingly difficult for the educated young Mormon to remain in the church. The greater number choose the easier method in their dilemma, that of conforming outwardly and attempting to transform the church by working from within. Others courageously sever official relationship with the church. Both groups are large factors in the transformation of the church.

Sweating in anguish drops of blood,  
Like Him who suffered long ago;  
Fighting devils as Luther fought;  
Drinking alone your cup of woe;  
Near blinded by the new-found sun—  
You have begun! You have begun!



Almost afraid to risk battle,  
Yet fearing more the coward's part,  
Within the ranks you dared rebel—  
And oh, you broke your mother's heart!  
You cry, "My God, what have I done?  
You have begun! You have begun!

Oh, many mothers' hearts must break,  
And many fathers will curse you  
Before fond Error is laid low!  
You know the truth? What can you do?  
You must fight on! You dare not run!  
You have begun! You have begun!

Fight on, young Utah, newly born,  
Fight on for Liberty and Truth!  
Oh, steel your hearts against those tears  
Your mothers weep! Rejoice in youth!  
The goal before you must be won!  
Fight on for Truth! You have begun!



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